

POETRY.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently!—It is better far
To rule by love, than fear—
Speak gently—not let harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently!—Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flaw;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
"Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an onward word!

Speak gently to the erring—know,
They may have told in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently!—He who gave his life
To head man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HOCUS-POCUS.

BY MERRILL C. YOUNG.

Partly concealed in the border of a wood which skirts a scene where a prairie "Stretched in boundless beauty lies," is situated a charming little cottage, nestled in shade and seclusion beneath the foliage of ever shadowing boughs. On the piazza in front of this dwelling, a venerable sucker (named Gordon) was seated one summer afternoon building dreams of thrif as he surveyed his plantation, encircled with heavy crops ripening into plenty. Now, as our sweetest dreams are fleetest and quickest to close, it is not strange that his, although pleasant, were soon terminated by some one shouting—

"Hello, old dad!"

"Hello yourself, and diskleer how it feels," he retorted, and turning simultaneously with his reply, his eyes fell upon a young man, a stranger to him, leaning on the yard fence.

"Xem me," said the stranger, "may be you might be so clever as to tell a chap who owns that are wheat field up aside the timber, wot you!"

"Well, I will; I own it."

"Dew say!" said the stranger, "But aint it mighty cute that you allow four legged animals and sick critters to be in it?"

"But I don't," said Gordon.

"I seen a hoss in it, though as I kuna along," remarked the stranger, dryly.

"A hoss in my wheat!" exclaimed the sucker. "Zangs and lightnin'! Here Blunder! Santy Anny, here, h-e-r-e!"

His call had the effect to bring forth two dogs; one a hound with legs half as long as an Eastern Schoolmaster's, the other a bull, the peculiar quirks of whose under jaw might lead you to mistrust that he was ever fond of what the knowing ones call the "grab game." Attended with these, he trotted off in hot haste, the dogs wagging their tails as their old master wagged his tongue, urging them to pursue.

The young stranger, after wagging his chin little wavy, and indulging in a light laugh that made him look suspiciously waggish, walked to the cottage door—and then, without ceremony into the parlor. Here finding himself alone, he commenced a survey of the apartment. Before he had much leisure, however, either to observe or admire the taste and elegance combined in every thing around him he was entranced by a gush of rich wild melody, succeeded by the sound of light foot-steps and instantly a creature of beauty and loveliness flitted into his presence. Oh! teat fair, rosy cheeked damsel, the very personation of blitheness. She was startled though, when her soft blue eyes encountered the stranger; and was hastily withdrawing, in doing which, she chanced to cast another glance—her countenance changed from fright to gladness—she uttered the name of Henry Leslie—and then ran—not out of the door, but smak into the young stranger's arms. She let him—let him—kiss her, too; and listened to his impassionate language—why, did the girl mean? Their conversation will, perhaps, suffice to explain

"Clarisse," said the stranger, "Clarisse, my beautiful idol, I have come to claim you for my own."

"O Henry, I fear our hopes will never change to realities. I love you very, very much; but father dislikes you merely because you are a Yankee lawyer. He is obstinate and will not consent." And the rosy flush fled from the lady's cheek.

"Do not fear Clarisse," said Henry Leslie. "I can and will remove his prejudice. I know how to work on a farm; and as he does not know me, I will hire to him under an assumed name; and by the merit of honest worth and virtue, win a place in his affections."

Their hopes excited, and consequently their anxieties lulled by the reasonableness of this plan, the two seated themselves on the sofa and enjoyed those bright angel plumed delights with which a reciprocal love inspires young hearts.

When Gordon returned, however, he found the young stranger alone, Clarisse, having deemed it prudent to retire at the sound of her father's footsteps. Gordon was glad that the stranger had tarried; he wished to give him a "pealing for he had searched the field over and found no horse."

"Now don't blame me, old man," said the Yankee, "for surer than my name is Dick Quirk, I seen a hoss, a dead one, in that is very wheat, as I kum along."

Oh! but old Gordon waxed wroth at thus learning that he had been sent to drive a mere skeleton from his field; yet the Yankee contrived to calm his ruffled feelings, and hire himself to the sucker to "dew things," closing the bargain with the impartial agreement that they might "hos-pous" one another as much as they

pleased;—whereupon Gordon tickled his inner self with the conceit that he would make our hero suffer for all the wrongs he had endured from Yankee trickery; even from the time of his buying a clock of a Connecticut Pedlar, which he said kept time backward, down to the very period when the New York pettifogger wished to marry Clarisse.

Respecting Henry Leslie; he had been in early manhood, an enterprising young farmer, endowed with a broad and beautiful domain. But being moreover gifted with an excellent smak of intellectual powers, he had been induced to forsake the natural avocation for one perhaps better befitting his ambition, taste and ability—law. In the village where he studied and practiced, he first became acquainted with Clarisse Gordon, who had accompanied an aunt from the west, with the design of completing her education at one of those meritorious institutions for female instruction with which the eastern states abound. They loved. The aunt wrote to her brother, old Gordon, soliciting his consent for Clarisse to marry, explaining affairs, &c. Gordon answered, stating that he should ever negative his daughter's wish to marry any Yankee who it appeared was too lazy to work, and hence had resorted to pottifogging.—He also instructed Clarisse to come home immediately, under the protection of an elderly lady and gentleman, friends of his, then about to return from the east. Clarisse was obedient—wept—and obeyed her father.

Love, we all know, is like wine, a mocker, and sometimes prostrates its victim by mysterious intoxication. Something to this effect befel Leslie. His noble up-beavings of desire, his unrest of ambition, were stayed. The excitement of business—or practical life became charmless. And within the lapse of a month, we behold him as first presented to the reader, disguised under an assumed name, language and demeanor, entering upon a plan to win his "lady love" by the sweat of his brow.—Herein was centered the ordeal, testing the purity of his affection and proving it as pure and clear and untainted as waters of a mountain spring. He was willing to labor for her like the patriarch on record; to toil; to endure the wring and rack of bone and snow. Gradually did he win his way into the old man's esteem. On which he laid the base and built a good character. By his steady application and his practical skill and ability to labor, he substantiated a reputation for industry; and from experience combined with book knowledge, superiority in the pursuits of agriculture. In the latter Gordon was particularly inclined to him He acknowledged his worth; the plantation, too, expressed it legibly. Nevertheless I do not know what would have been the result, had not a circumstance occurred prepotent to the lever. It was thus:

"Oh dear no!"

"Well, then, let us hear it at once!"

"It's about the affair of the heart."

"Ah, an affair of the heart. Ay, I see you young men know something about these matters; it's long since I had an affair of the heart, though I have had plenty of other 'affairs' far more serious; but young men must be young men—yes—yes, must. Come, take a glass of wine, and tell us all about the affair of the heart."

As he spoke, the eccentric old gentleman poured out a glass of unexceptionable port, and handed it to the tutor, which the latter deliberately drank off.

"Now sir, for this love story—this affair of the heart: you have fallen in love with some pretty girl, and wish to marry her, I suppose?"

The tutor pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment.

"Well, and why not marry her?"

"That's just the question about which I wished to consult you."

"Is she an amiable girl?"

"The very perfection of every thing that is morally good and mentally excellent."

"So, so. And belongs to respectable family?"

"A very respectable family. Indeed, she moves in a better sphere of life than myself, and her family are so respectable, that any gentleman might and would be proud to be connected with it."

"Then why you spalpeen, don't you marry her at once?" said the old man raising his right leg and placing it on an adjacent chair.

"May be seein' as how your laver hant kin, you'll let me try your side—I've done such things afore."

Gordon opened his eyes wide and stared at him.

"I don't think you need lang off, for I'll pay costs on damages, and give you a year's work if I don't beat."

Gordon complied, partly from despair, partly because he never knew Dick to fail in anything he undertook.

Five minutes elapsed, and Leslie was in his element. He had rich sport that afternoon. The cornering up of some half dozen suspicious witnesses; the putting to flight of half as many new fledged lawyers; the astonishment which the audience evinced at throwing of his assumed style of speaking, as he emerged into a chaste clear and rapid stream of eloquence; the plain exposition of facts and of the law woven into one glorious irresistible argument, finally resulting in a verdict favorable to his client—were both amusing and profitable to Leslie.

Gordon, during the whole affair, had sat with his mouth so wide open that you might have tossed a potato, sufficiently large for breakfast, down his throat without knowing it, and when they were riding home said,

"Dick, if you are a Yankee, I don't care, you are an all jifid good feller."

"So I am," said Dick, laughing; "indeed whether you take me in the field of labor, the court room, or in any other business you please do you know a man superior to me hereabouts?"

"Don't fear Clarisse," said Henry Leslie. "I can and will remove his prejudice. I know how to work on a farm; and as he does not know me, I will hire to him under an assumed name; and by the merit of honest worth and virtue, win a place in his affections."

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"She's yours by jingo," said the father, after a short pause. "All I care about it is that she'll have to take such a consarned ugly name Quirk—Quirk—Quirk; it sounds so like a sick gobler's soliloquy; but I spouse we can petition the Legislature and have it altered."

"Clarisse," said Gordon, in the evening, "Clarisse, Quirk has told me you loved one another, so I have given you to him again."

"Father," said the blushing girl, "you know once forbud my flirtations with a young lawyer by the name of Leslie—well,

Leslie and Quirk are both one and the same!"

"You little—I might known you wouldn't choose a bad husband, though, and—then I don't like the name of Quirk."

"And you know we agreed that we should *hocus-pocus* each other all we could—said Leslie.

"Well, well! say no more about it, and go long to bed, you rogues!"

THE TUTOR AND THE PROPRIETOR.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

We paused pretty near a house which was a short time ago the scene of an incident, which in the hands of a skilful novelist, might be so spun out as to make the orthodox three volumes. In that house there lived—I am not sure that he does not still reside there—an eccentric old rich land proprietor. His dress and manners were plain, and his modes of life homely; but intending a handsome fortune for each of his family—two sons and a daughter—it was his great ambition to give them a first rate education. The daughter, being the eldest, had returned from one of the first boarding schools, quite an accomplished lady. He doted on her, and fully made up his mind that she should be married to a man of rank and importance in the world, or not be married at all. For the two sons, in order, as he said, that they might be educated under his own eye and that he might see that full justice was done them, he employed a talented young man, whom the old eccentric gentleman constantly lauded to the skies for his exceeding modesty of manner.

Things went on for a season as smoothly as either party could wish, the tutor growing every hour in the good graces of his patron. He became, in fine, a confirmed favorite, and was in every respect treated as one of the family. One day after dinner the modest tutor (there being no one present but themselves) said to the old gentleman in hesitating accents scarcely venturing to raise his head as he spoke, that he wished to consult him confidentially for a few moments on a very important and delicate matter, and to get his advice as to how he ought to act in the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed.

"Would advise you? I do advise you, and let it be done directly, sir. Why, sir, you have no pluck or spirit about you, or you would have done it before now. Thunder and lightning! old as I am, sir, I would do it myself. You do it at once."

"I was anxious to consult you on so delicate a matter."

"Well, Sir, you know my opinion and have got my advice. Don't be faint-hearted, sir; get up early and elope with the lady to-morrow morning and take my horse and gig for the purpose. They are quite at your service."

"Success to you in your enterprise. Let me know when you have made the young lady your wife."

"I will with the greatest possible pleasure."

"On the following morning the old gentleman summoned his daughter, as was his custom, down to breakfast, he stationed himself on the occasion at the foot of the stairs. No response was made to his summons.

"What do you mean, you lazy irulent hussy, that you don't come when you are called? bawled the eccentric personage, in

the way of continuing his first call.

"Still there was no answer."

"You are sound asleep, I suppose. Why don't you get up and come down directly to you hear?"

"Still there is no response."

"I say, you indolent, good-for-nothing piece of goods, why don't you?"

"Please sir," interrupted an out door servant, who had just entered the hall—please sir, I saw Miss and the tutor driving away this morning at five o'clock in your gig. And more than that, please your honor, they, horse, gig and all seemed as if they were in a dreadful hurry."

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